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STANDARD BOOK FOR NON-ENGLISH- SPEAKING PEOPLE

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A SECOND BOOK FOR NON-ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLE

BY

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AND

AGNES C. MOORE

ELIOT SCHOOL, BOSTON, MASS.

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THIS SERIES INCLUDES

A FIRST BOOK

For Non-English-Speaking People.

A SECOND BOOK

For Non-English-Speaking People.

LANGUAGE LESSONS

To accompany the First Book.

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I B 5

INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages are the result of twelve years' experience in the teaching of English to foreign children. The aim and method of this teaching have been already described in the introduction to the FIRST BOOK.

That book has supplied a long-felt want. It furnishes suitable reading for beginners, as it presents in printed form the thoughts and expressions already familiar as spoken words.

The growth of the pupil's vocabulary will depend largely upon the English that he reads. This fact has guided the writers' choice in the preparation of the SECOND READER.

The choice of lessons has been based upon the interests of the pupil, and his ordinary need for expression. In the choice of English, the forms of verbs have been given the first consideration. When a new tense is used for the first time, the form of the verb appears in the list of new words. (As in Lesson I we find shall wash.) This form should be taught objectively. Then it should be used orally by the pupils, in the different persons, with various verbs. It will appear again, repeatedly, in succeeding lessons.

The same idioms of expression have been repeated many times. The object of this constant repetition is apparent. It is a help to oral expression.

The average pupil in the "Non-English Class" is more mature than the English-speaking child who reads a Second

Reader. Many pupils can read in their own language, consequently the recognition of words presents little difficulty. What they need is the comprehension of the thought, and the ability to express it correctly in English.

Simple expression and frequent repetition are the only means to accomplish this end. The same is true of children who have not read before. They will be slower to recognize the form of words, but the repetition will aid in this direction also.

The method of teaching a lesson should be, first, a language lesson suggested by the list of new words. Where it is possible, these should be taught objectively. Pupils should be asked to use the new words in sentences.

As a help in teaching, appropriate pictures, large enough for the class to see, are desirable. The teacher who uses them is sure that the attention is centred where she wishes it to be. With book illustrations, she cannot be certain of this, and they often distract the attention from the reading. Any pictures may be used, but the "Perry" pictures are recommended as being artistic and inexpensive.

The new words being taught, the reading follows. The teacher will find it profitable to read aloud to the class occasionally. She may allow the pupils to imitate her, reading phrase by phrase. This exercise is a great help to good inflection, expression and phrasing.

The poems should be read first by the teacher. The pupils can understand their general thought and spirit. They always like poetry, and try earnestly to render it well. The simple stories and fables may be used as language lessons. They may

be reproduced orally or in writing. In short, the method is practically the same that every skilful teacher uses in teaching Reading. .

In the belief that this book furnishes good, practical progression in English, and with the hope that its use may be helpful to others, it is sent forth by

THE AUTHORS.

BOSTON, February, 1904.

LESSON 1.

GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL.

John is a little Italian boy. He came to school last September. He did not talk English then.

To-day, John is in the second class. His teacher is Miss White.

Let us look into her school-room and listen to the lesson.

Miss White is asking, "What day will to-morrow be?"

Each boy writes the answer on his paper.

The teacher asks again, "What will you do to get ready for school to-morrow?"

These are John's stories:—

To-morrow will be Tuesday.

I shall get ready for school at eight o'clock.

I shall wash myself.

I shall comb my hair.

Miss White will say that I am a clean boy.

She likes the boys to come early.

I think I shall be early to-morrow.

I do not wish to be dirty.

I do not wish to be late for school.

Is this a neat paper?

Miss White says that it is a neat paper, and that John is a neat boy.

LESSON 2.

A LITTLE TEACHER.

Mary Gay is a little girl six years old. Perhaps your teacher will show you her picture.

Mary goes to the Prince Street school, and always works hard at her lessons.

On Saturday, she likes to play school.

She has five dolls in her class; but Mary says that they do not learn well.

She always tells her dolls what Miss Brown tells the children.

“If you wish to learn well, you must work well.”

“Miss Brown will teach you, but she can never learn for you.”

“Father works in the shop. Mother works in the house. We must work in school.”

The dolls sit still while their teacher talks; but they never learn to read.

Can you tell me why?

NOTE. — Show the class a picture or photograph of a little girl.

LESSON 3.

GAMES.

Do you like to play games? All our boys and girls like them.

Sometimes our teacher lets us have games in school.

We have a nice playground near the school.

One side of it is for the girls. They have some nice swings, and they play ball and jump rope.

The other side is for the boys. We play here as often as we can. Sometimes the game is base-ball. We have a good "nine." They win games very often.

In October the big boys play foot-ball.

The little boys seldom play foot-ball. They like hand-ball better.

What game can you play best?

LESSON 4.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME MAN.

One day, early in the morning, a lame man was walking along the street. On the way, he met a blind man.

“Good morning!” said the lame man. “How well you can walk! I wish I had your legs.”

“Oh,” said the blind man, “I can walk very well, but I can see nothing. I wish I had your good eyes.”

“Well,” said the lame man, “I can see for you, if you will walk for me. Let me get on your back. If you will carry me, I can tell you where to go.”

The blind man was willing. So he took the other on his back.

As they were walking along, the lame man saw a dollar on the ground.

“Stop,” said he, “and pick up the money. Walk three steps to the right. There it is at your feet.”

The blind man picked up the money. He was going to put it into his pocket.

“That dollar is mine,” said the lame man. “I saw it first.”

“Yes, but you would never see it, if I did not carry you here,” said the blind man. “I picked it up. I shall keep it.”

Whose dollar do you think it was?

LESSON 5.

A NEW HOME. (Part I.)

Frank Gray had a pretty home in the country. He lived in a large house with his father and mother and brothers and sisters.

Frank had four brothers and three

sisters. So, you see, the family was large.

Count and tell me how many persons were in it.

Mr. Gray was going to work in the city. That was why the family came to live in our street.

At first Frank did not like his new home. He missed his old playmates. He missed the green fields where they played together.

But, in a few days, he knew many of the boys. They showed him the playground where they played base-ball.

Frank was a good player. Few boys of his years could play better than he. Soon he was in the "nine."

At the end of a month, Frank said, "I think I shall like my city home as well as the old one."

LESSON 6.

A NEW HOME. (Part II.)

Let me tell you a little more about Frank's new home. He lived in a wooden house, two stories high.

There were eight rooms in it. Six of them were bedrooms. One room was a kitchen and one was a sitting-room.

There was a small yard behind the house. Frank's mother had some flowers growing there.

If you went into the house, you would find the rooms clean and neat.

Frank's mother worked hard to make their home pleasant.

His sisters tried to help her. They always washed the dishes. On Saturday they helped her to sweep the floors and dust the furniture.

Frank and his brothers helped their mother too. They chopped the wood and carried the coal to the kitchen. Sometimes they washed the windows for her.

Each one did a little. So all this work did not take long. There was time left for play.

“Many hands make light work.”

LESSON 7.

REVIEW.

Can you answer what I ask?

1. Where is your home?
2. Was your home always here?
3. Where was your home?
4. Do you live with your family?
5. How many persons are in your family?

6. What can you do to help your mother?

7. What can you do to help your father?

8. How can you help them best?

9. Why should we help them?

10. When can we help them?

Write these answers if you can.

LESSON 8.

MORNING SONG.

“Father, we thank Thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair!

“Help us to do the things we should;
To be to others kind and good:
In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.”

LESSON 9.

SWIMMING.

Did you ever see the ocean? Did you ever smell the salt water?

If you never did, I know a boy who would like to see you.

His name is Arthur Green, and he lives in Boston. He can see the ocean from his bedroom window.

He likes the salt water. He wishes that every boy could live near it.

When the weather is warm, Arthur and his playmates go to swim every day. Sometimes they go to the beach, and sometimes to the bath-house.

All the little boys are learning to swim. Some of the big boys teach them.

Arthur is one of the older boys. I

think he can swim well. The boys say that he is a good swimmer.

Arthur has a cousin whose home is in Chicago. He says that the Chicago boys go swimming in the Lake.

This lake is so large that it looks like the ocean. But if you taste the water, you will find it is fresh.

The boys say it is hard to swim in fresh water. They think it is easy to swim in salt water.

Can you think why this is so?

LESSON 10.

BOAT SAILING.

One Saturday afternoon Mr. Black met us and said, "Come boys, who would like to go for a sail in my boat? I can take you all if you like."

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Black. You are very good to take us,” we all answered together.

“Well,” he said, “first run and ask your mothers if you may go with me.”

We all ran as fast as we could to ask permission.

Our mothers said we might go. So we were soon in the boat, ready to start.

There was a good wind and we had a fine sail.

We saw many sail-boats and steam-boats. There was a very large one going out to sea. Mr. Black called it a steamship. He said it was going to Europe.

After sailing for an hour, we landed at a beach.

I went with the big boys for a swim. We can all swim well in deep water.

The little boys had fun wading in the shallow water.

After our swim we had something to eat. We were very hungry.

Then we played games. We threw stones into the water. James Lee threw the farthest.

Mr. Black threw in some sticks. We watched them sailing off on the top of the water.

“Now,” said he, “who can tell me why the wood floats and the stone sinks?”

LESSON 11.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

One day an old woman gathered a dish of beans. She wished to cook them for dinner.

She made a fire, and wishing it to

burn quickly, she threw on a handful of straw.

As she was pouring the beans into the pot, one of them dropped on the floor. It rolled near a straw.

Soon after this a coal dropped from the fire. It fell near the straw and the bean.

The straw began to talk: "Good friends, where did you come from?"

"I had the good luck to jump from the fire," answered the coal. "If I had not jumped, I should now be burning to ashes."

The bean said: "I had a narrow escape, too. If the old woman had put me into the pot, I should now be cooking to pieces."

"And I too," said the straw. "Was I not lucky when I dropped from her

fingers? All my brothers went up in fire and smoke."

"What shall we do now?" asked the coal.

"Let us keep together," answered the bean. "Let us go away from this place at once. We can travel till we find a better home."

LESSON 12.

THE THREE FRIENDS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

The straw and the coal were pleased with the bean's plan. So the three friends started off on their travels.

They had not gone far when they came to a little stream. They could not cross over it. There was no bridge. There was no boat.

At last the straw said: "I will throw

myself across the stream. You can walk over me."

The straw threw himself from one side of the stream to the other.

The coal tried to walk across on the straw. He was too heavy. The straw broke under him, and he sank to the bottom of the stream.

The broken straw floated off on the water. I do not know where he went.

The bean laughed when she saw this. She laughed so much that she burst her sides.

A little girl saw the bean burst. She took out her needle and thread, and sewed the pieces together. Her thread was black.

That is why every bean from that day to this has a black mark on it.

LESSON 13.

FISHING.

One July morning I went fishing with Alfred Wood.

We each had a hook and line and a can of bait.

Alfred's father was captain of a fishing boat. So Alfred thought he knew all about fishing.

"Let us go to the end of the wharf," said he. "That is the best place to fish. The water is deep there."

I was willing, so we went to the wharf.

After fishing for fifteen minutes, Alfred had two little fishes in his basket. I had another.

"Perhaps the fishes are asleep," said I. "Let us stop now and try again another day."

Just then, some one behind us said, "Well, my little fishermen, what luck to-day?"

Looking up, we saw Mr. Wood. We told him about our small "catch," and he laughed. Then he said, "How would you like to go on a fishing trip with me?"

"Oh, father, how good you are!" said Alfred.

I thanked Mr. Wood, and said, "I shall be glad to go, if I get permission."

"Run along, then," said he, "and ask your father and mother. Tell them I will take good care of you."

My parents knew Mr. Wood. They thanked him for his kindness and gave me permission to go.

That night I was a happy boy.

LESSON 14.

THE FISHERMAN.

I have told you how Mr. Wood invited me for a fishing trip.

Well, the next day he took us on board his boat. He showed us where his men slept and ate. He called them his crew.

The men all liked him and called him Captain Wood.

We started Sunday morning. There was a good breeze, and our boat sailed swiftly.

The men showed us their trawls and nets and showed us how they used them.

When we reached the fishing-grounds, the crew went off in boats to set their trawls.

First, they put bait on the hooks.

Then they sank the trawls so that the fish might see the bait.

Some time after, the men pulled them up. There were many fishes on the hooks. They took them off and set the trawls again.

Next day we saw a great crowd of fishes shining in the sun. They were swimming along together. Some were jumping from the water.

The fishermen caught hundreds of them in their nets.

We started for home Wednesday evening. Early Friday morning we were at the wharf with a good load of fish.

Captain Wood and his crew said, "The boys brought us good luck."

NOTE. — "A Helping Hand" and "The Wave," are good pictures for use here.

LESSON 15.

A LULLABY.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

LESSON 16.

THE LABORER.

“Boys, we are to have a new school,” said Charles Blake.

“Who told you so?” said his friends.

“My father told me,” answered Charles. “He is going to work there to-day. Come and see them begin.”

The boys were willing to go, and started at once.

When they reached Fourth Street, they saw the laborers at work. Some of the men had picks to dig up the earth. Others had shovels to throw the earth into carts.

It took a long time to dig the cellar. They had to make it very deep for a big building.

Luigi's father is a laborer, too. He

works in the streets. He helps to dig long trenches for the water-pipes.

Sometimes he works with the pick and sometimes with the shovel.

It is hard work, and the laborer is tired at night.

I hope that Charles and Luigi will always try to help their good fathers.

LESSON 17.

THE MASON.

Some of the boys went to Fourth Street every day. I always went. I liked to watch the building grow.

When the cellar was deep enough, the masons went to work. They began to build the cellar walls. These were made of heavy stones laid in cement.

The walls were built thick and strong;

for the whole house would rest on them.

It was a long time before the cellar walls were finished.

Then, other masons began to build with bricks and mortar.

My father told me that the masons who build stone walls are called stone-masons. Those who build with bricks are called brick-layers.

I liked to watch the brick-layers work. They first built a wooden staging. As the wall went up, this staging was built higher and higher. It did not look very strong. I thought I should not like to work on it.

Each mason had a tub of mortar and a small pile of bricks near him. He used a trowel to spread the mortar on the bricks.

Each man had also a level and a plumb-line. Sometimes he laid the level on top of the wall. He wished to see that it was level.

Sometimes he dropped his plumb-line. He wished to see that the wall was standing straight.

My brother George says that he is going to be a mason. He will help to build fine houses.

When he has enough money, he will build a nice house for father and mother.

LESSON 18.

THE MASON'S HELPER.

Now let me tell you about the men who helped the masons.

These men were laborers. They made the mortar and carried the bricks.

I had never seen mortar made. So I watched the work well.

First, the men made a large box on the ground. They called it a bed. Into this bed they shovelled sand and lime. Then they added water.

As soon as the water touched it, the lime began to burn. The water grew so hot that steam came from it.

The men kept mixing the sand and lime and water with a hoe.

When the mortar was soft, they left it to cool.

The laborers carried the mortar to the masons in their hods. They walked up the ladders with the hods on their shoulders. They carried the bricks in the same way.

So, you see, laborers dug the cellar, and laborers also helped to build the walls.

LESSON 19.

THE CARPENTER.

Edward West was twelve years old yesterday. He is building a house to-day.

Perhaps you may say, "How can a boy build a house?" So I will tell you what he wishes to make.

His sister Lucy has a large family of dolls. She would be glad to have a house for them.

Edward thinks he can make a little doll-house. He has a box of tools to work with.

Mr. West is a carpenter. He had given his little son the chest of tools.

Edward's box holds small tools. They are just like his father's large ones.

There is a rule and a square to measure his boards. There is a plane to make them smooth. There is a saw and a hammer and a level and other tools.

Mr. West will teach Edward how to use his tools. He will show him how to measure the boards. Then, I think, he will help a little in building the doll-house.

When the work is finished, Lucy will have a nice house with four rooms in it.

I think everybody will be pleased.

Edward will be glad if Lucy likes the doll-house.

His parents will be glad that Edward is kind to his sister.

Lucy will be glad to have her pretty house. I think she will thank her kind brother. She will try to do something to make him happy.

LESSON 20.

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.

Up in the blue and starry sky,
A group of Hours one even
Met, as they took their upward flight
Into the highest heaven.

And they were going there to tell
Of all that had been done,
By little children, good or bad,
Since the last rising sun.

And some had gold and purple wings,
Some drooped like faded flowers,
And sadly went to tell the tale
That they were misspent hours.

And thus they glided on, and gave
Their tidings, dark and bright,
To Him who marks each passing hour
Of childhood's day and night.

Remember, children of the earth,
Each hour is on its way,
Bearing its own report to heaven
Of all you do and say.

— *Selected.*

LESSON 21.

THE FARM.

Henry Grant has an uncle who owns a farm in the country.

Every summer Henry and his sister Grace go there on a visit.

The first time they went to their uncle's, Mrs. Grant went with them.

The next time, their father put them on the right train. Uncle John and Aunt Mary met them at Sunnyside.

They always have a good time at the farm.

There are grassy fields, where they can play and pick wild-flowers.

There are shady trees to sit under when the sun is hot.

There is also a little brook, near the house, where they can fish.

Uncle John and Aunt Mary are very kind to them.

Henry and his sister try to show that they are grateful.

Grace helps Aunt Mary to wash the dishes. Henry gets the water from the well, and brings in the wood.

It does not take long to do these little things. They have the rest of the day for play.

LESSON 22.

MAKING HAY.

Grace and Henry like to go to the hay-field with Uncle John. They like to help him make the hay.

This is what they do : —

First, Uncle John mows the grass with a scythe. This scythe is a large knife. It has a long handle and a curved blade.

Then he uses a fork to spread the grass on the ground. The children help him do this. The grass must dry; so they spread it, that the sun may shine on it.

When the grass is dry, Uncle John drives to the hay-field in his big cart.

They rake the hay into piles. Then Henry drives the cart from one pile to another. Uncle John throws the hay into the cart with a pitchfork.

When the cart is loaded, they drive to the barn.

The new-mown hay smells sweet. It is nice and soft to sit in. The children always like to ride on the load.

At the barn, they throw the hay into the mow. Then they drive back for another load.

NOTE. — Use a picture of the hay-field.

LESSON 23.

FARM FRIENDS.

Henry and Grace have many friends at Sunnyside.

There are no children living near Uncle John's house. Can you guess, then, who their friends are?

Perhaps I had better tell you.

The friend they like best is Jack. He is Uncle John's big dog. Jack is always glad to see the children. He wags his tail, and jumps about, to show how much he likes them.

Another friend is Dick, the horse. Dick's home is in the barn. When he is not working, he stands in his stall. Henry and Grace often go there to pat him and feed him.

Henry thinks the cows are friends, too.

He says, " They are not such good friends as Jack and Dick ; but they give us nice, sweet milk."

Grace is a little afraid of the cows. She likes the hens and chickens better. Aunt Mary lets her feed them.

Every day the children hunt for eggs. Sometimes they find a dozen or more.

In the cellar of the barn is the pig. The children do not like him. They say, " He is not a nice friend."

Aunt Mary says, " The pig is a good friend to the children, when he teaches them not to be dirty, and not to be greedy."

LESSON 24.

TWO GARDENS.

Grace Grant's mother has a nice garden. She has many pretty flowers in it.

It is not a large garden, for Grace lives near a big city.

Last summer, Grace visited her aunt in the country. She had never seen a farm before. Everything pleased her.

Aunt Mary showed her the barn first. Then she said, "Now, I must show you my gardens."

"Oh," said Grace, "I have seen your garden, Aunt Mary. It is beautiful. It is larger than mother's."

"But I have another garden," said Aunt Mary. "It is not so pretty as the flower garden, but I think you will like it."

When Grace saw the second garden, she said, "But, Aunt Mary, there are no flowers. Is this a garden?"

"Yes, my dear, this is a very good garden," said her aunt.

Then she picked something from a plant and showed it to Grace.

“What is it?” she asked.

“It is a bean,” said Grace.

“Are these all bean plants, Aunt Mary?”

“Yes,” said Aunt Mary; “and see, here are peas, and here, tomatoes. Over there, the corn is standing. The potatoes and beets are under the ground on the other side of the garden.”

“What a large garden!” said Grace.

“Yes,” said Aunt Mary, “this is called a vegetable garden. My flower garden is beautiful, and my vegetable garden is useful.”

“Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits.”

LESSON 25.

HENRY'S LETTER.

When Henry Grant visits at the farm, he writes a letter home every week. This is one he wrote to his father last summer:—

SUNNYSIDE, N.Y.,

July 24, 1903.

Dear Father:—

Grace and I had a pleasant ride yesterday. The train was on time.

Uncle John and Aunt Mary met us at the station. They were glad to see us. Jack barked and wagged his tail.

Dick and the carriage were waiting outside. I think Dick was glad to see us, too.

We are going to the hay-field to-day. Uncle John says he likes us to help him.

Grace and I can spread the hay and rake it into piles. Then it will be fun to ride on the load to the barn.

Grace helps Aunt Mary to pick the vegetables for dinner.

I pick up the potatoes for Uncle John when he digs them.

We both send our love to you and mother. Please write soon.

Your loving son,

HENRY GRANT.

LESSON 26.

THE GROCER.

It was a rainy day. Henry and his sister could not go out. They did not know what to play.

“Why don’t you play store?” said their mother.

“Oh, yes,” said Henry, “I can keep a grocery store. Rose can buy from me.”

Rose helped him to get the store ready. They found some boxes. Mother gave them some white sand.

Henry put some sand into a box, and called it sugar. He put some into another box and called it tea. In the other boxes he had flour and coffee.

When the store was ready, Rose came to buy.

“What is the price of your tea?” she said.

“Tea is fifty cents a pound,” said Henry. “It is very good tea.”

“Please give me half a pound of tea,” said Rose.

Henry weighed the tea in a pan. Then he put it into a paper.

“What is the price of sugar?” said Rose.

"Sugar is five cents a pound," said Henry.

So Rose bought four pounds of sugar. She paid the grocer with paper money.

"Call again," said the grocer. "We have good things. We sell cheap."

"Yes," said Rose, "I like your store. I shall call again."

LESSON 27.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

One morning William Black came to school very early. He carried something in his hand.

Walking to my desk, he said, "Good morning, Miss Marsh; I have something for you."

Then he handed me a bird's nest.

"Thank you, William," I answered,

“you are very kind. Where did you find it?”

“My father found it,” said William. “He is an hostler. He found it in the stable where he works. It was on the ledge, outside a window.

“He told me yesterday that he had something to show me at the stable.

“I went there after school, and he showed me this nest. The birds do not want it now, so I took it.”

The nest was a large one. The bird had built it of straw, hay, and pieces of cloth, held together with mud. It was not a pretty nest, but it was strong.

I asked William to show it to the other children. After they had all seen the nest, we talked about it.

One boy said, “I think the bird built that nest in a good place.”

“Why is the stable a good place?”
said I.

“Because the bird found the straw and hay there,” answered he. “Then the horses eat oats. So the bird can get something to eat in the stable.”

Everybody was pleased with the nest. We were glad that William had brought it to school.

LESSON 28.

A STABLE.

On Saturdays William Black keeps a stable. Some of his friends help him. They are the hostlers.

They tie their horses to the playground fence.

Some boys like to play that they are horses. Others always wish to drive.

When you are going for a drive, you must hire a horse.

The hostlers will harness him. Then they will hand you the reins.

You never get a whip. William says that all their horses go well. They do not need a whip.

Sometimes the drivers race their horses. When they win a race, the horses and drivers are both glad.

LESSON 29.

AUTUMN.

Summer has gone and autumn is here.

The fruit is ripe on the trees and vines. The grain is ripe in the fields. All is ready for the harvest.

The farmer will soon reap the grain, and store it in his barn.

The fruit will be picked and put into barrels and boxes. Some of it will be sent to the city and sold.

The leaves on the trees are beautiful. They have changed from green to red and yellow.

When it grows a little colder the nuts will be ripe.

Everywhere is plenty. The farmer works hard now, to gather in the harvest. Then he is ready for winter.

NOTE. — Use picture of harvest scene.

LESSON 30.

THE HARVEST FIELDS.

Come down into the harvest fields

This autumn morn with me;

For in the pleasant autumn fields

There's much to hear and see;

On yellow slopes of waving corn

The autumn sun shines clearly;

And 'tis joy to walk on days like this
Among the bearded barley.

Bright over the golden fields of corn
Doth shine the autumn sky;
So let's be merry while we may,
For time goes hurrying by.
They took down the sickle from the wall
When morning dews shone pearly;
And the mower whets the ringing scythe
To cut the bearded barley.

—*Mary Howitt.*

LESSON 31.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

An old lark built her nest in a field of grain. The nest was on the ground. The tall grain hid it.

Soon there were four baby larks in the nest. They could not fly. They had no feathers.

Every day the mother lark flew away

from the nest. She went to find food for the little ones.

She told the little larks to listen while she was away. When she came home she asked them what they had heard.

One day the little larks said to their mother: "The farmer was talking to-day. He is going to cut the grain. We must leave the nest."

"What did he say?" said the mother.

"He said that the grain was ripe. He will get his neighbors to help him. They will cut the grain to-morrow."

"Do not be afraid," said the mother lark. "Listen again and see what he will say to-morrow."

When the mother came home the next day, the little larks said: "We are afraid. The farmer will surely cut the grain to-morrow."

“What did he say?” asked the old lark.

“He said that he would get his family to help him. They will cut the grain to-morrow.”

“Do not be afraid,” said the mother. “But listen well to what he will say to-morrow.”

When she came home the next day, the old lark asked: “What did the farmer say to-day?”

“He said he would cut the grain himself to-morrow.”

“Now, we must leave the nest,” said the mother. “The grain will be cut. When a man is ready to do his own work, it will surely be done.”

“Politeness is to do and to say
The kindest thing in the kindest way.”

LESSON 32.

THE MICE AND THE CAT.

There was once a large family of mice. They lived together in a fine house.

The mice liked their home very much. There was always plenty to eat. They were never hungry.

But the mice were not happy. A cat lived in the house. They were all afraid of her.

One day the mice had a meeting. They talked about the cat. They wished to find a way to get rid of her. They talked for a long time.

At last, a little mouse said: "I know what we can do. We can tie a bell around the cat's neck. Then we can hear the bell when she is coming. We can run away when we hear it."

“Good, good!” said the other mice;
“that is the right thing to do.”

“But tell me,” said an old mouse,
“who will tie the bell on the cat.”

Not a mouse answered. They were
all afraid to do it.

Just then they heard the cat coming.
They all ran away as fast as they could.

LESSON 33.

THE WINDMILL.

Behold! a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

NOTE. — Use picture of windmill.

LESSON 34.

THE BLACKSMITH.

Let us look into the blacksmith's shop. See the smith with his leather apron. He is at work. What is he making?

He is heating a piece of iron in the forge. He blows the fire with his bel-
lows to make it burn well.

Soon the iron is red hot. With his tongs he takes it to the anvil. He beats the iron into shape with his heavy sledge. He is making a great iron ring.

Outside the door is a large, round stone. On this stone a wheel is lying. The smith is making a tire for it.

He fits the tire on the wheel. You can smell the wood burning. But the smith pours water on it. The iron tire

is a little smaller now. It holds tightly to the wheel.

Next, a horse comes to be shod. He has lost a shoe. The smith will put on another one.

All this is hard work. The iron that he works with is heavy. His tools are heavy, too. The blacksmith must be a strong man.

NOTE. — Use picture of blacksmith.

LESSON 35.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks, to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou has taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

LESSON 36.

THE STAG AND THE HUNTERS.

One day a stag was drinking at a little stream. He saw himself in the clear water.

“What fine antlers I have,” said he to himself. “And my body is graceful, too. But my legs are too small. I am ashamed of them.”

Just then he heard the sound of hunters coming. The timid stag started to run.

The legs which he despised carried him swiftly away from the hunters. But, as he was running through the woods, his antlers caught in a tree. He could not get away. The dogs soon caught and killed him.

So, you see, the antlers, which the

stag admired, brought him to death.
The legs, which he despised, might
have saved him.

Can you think what lesson this fable
teaches us?

NOTE. — Use a picture showing stag and dogs.

LESSON 37.

FRED'S NEW BOOTS.

Little Fred is a happy boy to-day.
He is wearing his new boots. They
are high ones.

Fred showed them to me this morn-
ing. He was pleased that I admired
them.

“Who gave you those nice boots?”
I asked.

“Mother bought them for me,” he
answered. “She took me with her to

the city. We went to a big shoe store,
They had all kinds of boots and shoes
there.

“Mother told the man she wanted a
pair of nice leather boots. She wanted
them with thick soles.

“The first pair he showed her were
too thin. They would not be good to
wear in the winter.

“Then he showed her these. You see
the leather is soft and nice. Mother
liked them and bought them for me.

“She says she will buy me a pair of
rubber boots, soon. Then I shall be
ready for the winter.”

LESSON 38.

WINTER.

The days are short and the wind is
cold. Winter has come.

The grass and trees are covered with snow. The ponds and streams are covered with ice.

Boys and girls put on warm coats and caps. They are not afraid of the cold. While the ice is thick, they skate on the pond. Some have fun sliding on the ice.

After a few mild days the ice grows soft. It begins to melt. The snow melts, too.

Now, there will be no skating or coasting till cold weather comes back. Then the pond will freeze again.

Did you ever see men cutting ice on a pond?

If you did, you know how they cut the ice into blocks. Then they store it in a wooden ice-house. The ice is packed in sawdust, to keep it from melting.

In this way the ice is saved until summer. Then we can buy some. It will help us to keep cool on a warm day.

LESSON 39.

THE SNOW MAN.

“It is so cold that my whole body crackles!” said the Snow Man. “This is a wind that blows life into me. See how the shining one up there is staring at me. It shall not make me wink.”

He meant the sun, which was just setting.

The Snow Man had two pieces of coal in his head, for eyes. His mouth was made of an old rake. So, you see, he had teeth.

The sun went down. The full moon rose, round and beautiful.

“There it comes from the other side,” said the Snow Man. He thought it was the sun showing himself again. “Let it stay there and shine; I am not afraid.

“How I should like to slide! If I could, I would slide with the boys; but I do not know how to run.”

“Bow, wow!” said the Yard Dog. “The sun will teach you to run. He taught the Snow Man last year.”

“I do not understand you,” said the Snow Man. “Will that thing up there teach me to run?” He meant the moon. “Why, it was running away from me a little while ago. Now, it comes back on the other side.”

“You know nothing at all,” said the Yard Dog. “That is the moon. The one that went before was the sun. It will come again to-morrow. Then it

will teach you to run. The weather is going to change."

The weather did change. The next day was warm, and the Snow Man did not feel well. The sun shone brightly, and he began to melt.

At the end of a week, the Snow Man was gone. He had run off into the gutter.

Nobody thought any more about him.

—*Hans C. Andersen*, Adapted.

LESSON 40.

THE CLOTHIER.

One day Frank Miller's father took him to the city. They went to buy a new suit for Frank.

At the store Mr. Miller said to the salesman: "Please show me some boys' suits."

The man showed him several suits. Mr. Miller looked at them all. He felt the cloth. Then he said to Frank: "Which suit do you like best, Frank?"

"I like this blue suit best," said Frank.

"Is the cloth in that blue suit all wool?" Mr. Miller asked the salesman.

"Yes, sir," said the man, "that is a good piece of cloth. Every thread of it is wool."

"What is the price of the suit?" asked Mr. Miller.

"The price is six dollars," said the salesman.

"Very well, then, I will take the suit. Can you give my boy the right size?"

The salesman found the right size. He put the suit into a box and sent it to Frank's house.

Then Frank went to the tailor's. The

tailor was making an overcoat for his father.

Mr. Miller tried on the coat. He thought it fitted well. Frank thought it looked well, too.

The new coat was made of blue cloth. It had a black velvet collar. The tailor promised to send the coat home the next week.

When they left the tailor's, Mr. Miller said: "Now, Frank, we have just time to finish our shopping. We can buy a pair of gloves and a necktie. Then we must start for home."

LESSON 41.

THE DRESSMAKER.

When Alice Ball left school, her mother asked her what she would like to do.

“I should like to be a dressmaker,” said Alice. “You know, mother, that I can sew well, and I like to sew. Perhaps I shall make a good dressmaker.”

“Very well, Alice,” said her mother, “you may try the work and see how you like it.”

So Alice went to work for a good dressmaker. She saw many beautiful dresses made there.

The dressmaker, herself, cut and fitted each dress. She had girls to help her in making them. One girl basted the work. Another stitched the seams. Other girls finished the skirts and waists.

At first, Alice could only help a little. She watched the dressmakers work, and learned something every day.

She bought a pattern and cut out a dress for her little sister. She did her

best to make it well. When it was finished, it looked very pretty.

Her sister was delighted. Her mother said she knew now that Alice would be a good dressmaker.

When she had learned to make dresses, Alice learned to cut and fit them. She knew how to choose colors for trimming; so she could make a pretty dress.

In a few years she had customers of her own, and was making a good living.

LESSON 42.

THE PIN AND NEEDLE.

A pin and a needle were lying side by side in a work-box. Having nothing to do, they began to quarrel.

“I should like to know,” said the pin, “what you are good for without a head?”

“What is the use of your head, without an eye?” replied the needle.

“What is the use of an eye if you always have something in it?” said the pin.

“I am more useful than you,” answered the needle.

“Yes, but you will not live long.”

“Why not?”

“Because you always have a stitch in your side. That is very bad,” said the pin.

“You are a crooked thing,” said the needle.

“You are so proud that you cannot bend without breaking your back,” said the pin.

“I will pull your head off if you insult me again!”

“I will pull your eye out if you touch me,” said the pin.

So they went on quarrelling until a little girl came into the room. She went to the work-box and took out the needle. She tried to sew with it, but she broke its eye.

Then the little girl tied the thread around the pin. In trying to sew with it, she pulled its head off.

She threw them both on the floor. They were lying there side by side the next morning. Margery, the housemaid, swept them up with the dust, and threw them away.

What lesson does this fable teach us?

LESSON 43.

NEVER GIVE UP.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the longest rent is mended.

One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.
— *Selected.*

LESSON 44.

A PARTY.

Yesterday was Annie Ball's birthday. She was twelve years old. Her mother gave her a party. She told her to invite all her friends.

I was pleased when Annie invited me. My mother told me to write her a note and say I should be pleased to come.

The evening of the party came. Annie wore a pretty dress that her sister had made for her. She stood in the parlor to greet her friends as they came in.

We all wished Annie "Many happy birthdays." She thanked us for our good wishes.

Everybody looked happy. We played games, we sang, and we guessed riddles.

Then Mrs. Ball invited us to supper. The table looked beautiful. There was a birthday cake in the centre with twelve candles around it.

Annie cut the cake, and each one had a piece of it. We had many other good things for supper. Perhaps you can guess what they were.

After supper, Annie showed us her birthday gifts. She had a pretty work-box, a silver thimble, a book, and a coral necklace. She was delighted with her pretty things.

We were all glad that Annie had such pretty gifts.

At half-past nine o'clock we said "Good night" to Annie and her family.

Everybody thanked Mrs. Ball and Annie for giving us such a good time.

LESSON 45.

THE CANARY BIRD'S STORY.

I live in a pretty gilded house. I am very happy here. My mistress is kind to me. Every day she gives me seeds and crumbs to eat.

She brings me fresh water to drink and a little pan of water to wash in. I know she likes to see my feathers clean and shining.

I love my mistress. I sing my best songs for her. She calls me Tiny because I am so small. I think she is fond of me. I heard her say one day:

“ I think Tiny is my best birthday gift. I like him so much.”

Sometimes my mistress opens the door of my cage. I can fly about the room then. I like to use my wings a little, but I never fly out of the room.

In the summer my cage was hung outside the window. The sun was warm there, and I could smell the flowers and grass. Now the winter is here. It is too cold for me out of doors. I am afraid of the cold. I am sure it would kill me.

I am afraid of cats, too. I know they like to eat birds. Once I saw a cat catch a bird in the garden. I wish that every bird had a nice house like mine. Then the cats could not catch them.

Let me tell you how I came to this good home.

When I was a baby bird, I lived in a big cage. My father and mother took care of me and my brothers. Father taught us to sing and to fly. My mother told us stories. One day she told us about our family. She said:—

“Long ago, canary birds all lived in a far country. It was always warm there. They did not live in cages then. They built nests in trees.

“One day a ship came there from this country. The sailors saw the pretty canary birds. They heard them sing. The men wished to take some birds home with them. They caught several canaries and took them away in cages. That is how our family came here to live.”

The day after I heard this story a man took me from the cage. He put me into this pretty one. I was sorry to

leave my mother. She said to me: "Sing and try to be happy." So I sang my best.

A lady heard me singing one day. She bought me for her little daughter. I came to this nice house on her birthday.

NOTE. — If possible, have a canary bird present.

LESSON 46.

DICK AND THE GIANT.

I am going to tell you a story which I read long ago. I hope you will like it as much as I did. Then you can tell the story to some one else.

Dick was a merry little fellow. He lived in the woods. He had a nice little house in a tree. He sang all day, he was so happy.

One bright day Dick was hopping about. He was looking for something

to eat. All at once a stone struck his wing. Poor Dick fell on the ground. His wing was hurt, and he could not move.

In a minute he was lifted from the ground. He looked up and saw a great giant. He was holding Dick in his hand.

“The giant will kill me,” thought Dick. But the giant did not kill him. He took him home and put him into a cage. Then he gave him a great piece of bread to eat, and a pail of water to drink.

Poor, timid Dick was almost dead with fear. He could not eat. He hung his head. Then he beat his wings against the bars of his cage. But he could not get out.

Next morning the giant came to see Dick. “What is the matter?” said he.

“Why don’t you sing? Sing! I say sing!” Poor Dick could not sing.

“Oh!” said the giant, “I know what is the matter. You are hungry. You must eat.” Poor Dick could not eat.

Then the giant tried to make him eat. He opened Dick’s mouth and put into it a large piece of bread. He tried to push it down Dick’s throat with a stick.

Just then the giant’s father came in. He saw that Dick was nearly dead. “What are you doing?” said he to the giant; “give me that bird.”

The giant’s father took Dick to the window, and let him fly away to his home. He said to his son: “That was not a tame bird like a canary. He was a wild bird. His home is in the woods where he is happy. If you had kept him in the cage, he would die.

“I know you did not mean to be cruel. I am sure you will never put a wild bird into a cage again.”

Can you tell me who was the giant?

NOTE. — Use a picture of any bird.

LESSON 47.

BIRDIE AND BABY.

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
“Let me fly,” says little birdie,
“Mother, let me fly away.”

“Birdie, rest a little longer
Till the little wings are stronger.”
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
“Let me rise and fly away.”

“Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.”

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

LESSON 48.

THE ERRAND BOY.

Everybody likes John Hardy. He is pleasant and polite to his friends. He is kind and good to his mother. Mrs. Hardy is a widow. She has worked to keep a home for John.

Day after day she washed and ironed clothes in her laundry. John was proud of his mother. He said she was the best laundress in the city. The linen looked white and smooth when it was ironed.

He always tried to help his mother. He was never tired when she asked him to do an errand.

When John was old enough, he went to work. Now he works in Mr. Hall's provision store. We buy our meat there, so I see John very often. He is the errand boy. He carries all the baskets.

I know he is glad to earn money for his mother. John is learning how to do business. I think that some day he may have a store of his own.

LESSON 49.

THE MARKET BOYS.

Two boys sold fruit at the market. James had melons to sell. Albert sold oranges.

They were both bright boys. They were polite, too. People liked to buy from them.

One day a lady stopped to buy some

fruit. She picked out a melon, and said to James, "This melon looks ripe; I will take it."

"That melon is not good," said James. He showed her where the melon was bad. Then he sold her a good melon.

The lady bought some oranges from Albert. He told her they were all good, and sold her a dozen.

When she had gone, Albert said: "You were foolish, James. Why did you tell the lady about that melon?"

"Some of the oranges I sold her were bad. She did not know it, and I have the money."

"That was not honest," said James. "The lady will not buy from you again. I did not cheat her. Perhaps she will be a good customer another time."

"Honesty is the best policy."

LESSON 50.

A VISIT.

Once a happy family lived in an old house. There were the father and the mother and a dear little baby.

They were poor people. Every morning the father went out to work. He earned money enough to keep his little family.

The mother worked, too. She took care of the house. She cooked the food and she sewed the clothes. Sometimes she sang to the baby, or she talked to him.

When father came home from work, mother and baby were watching for him. Mother knew that he was tired. She had a nice supper ready for him.

How glad the father was to come back to his pleasant home! He would take

the baby in his arms and play with him. He would forget that he was tired.

Soon the baby learned to walk. Then he could talk a little. He grew to be a lovely boy.

One day the father did not go to work. His little boy was ill. His head was hot with fever. The mother held him in her arms and tried to cool his little head. The doctor was coming. They were waiting for his visit.

When the doctor came, he gave the little boy some medicine. This made him sleep. They laid him in a bed of pillows and chairs.

The doctor sat by the side of the bed. He watched the sleeping child. He was studying how to make him well.

The poor mother could do nothing to help. She laid her head on the table,

and prayed, and cried softly. The father stood by her side. He tried to cheer her; but he, too, was afraid.

A man has made a picture of this doctor and the sick child. If you ask your teacher, I am sure she will show it to you.

You can see in the picture how the doctor looks at the child. You can see how the father watches the doctor's face. You can see the poor mother. But you cannot see the end of the story. I will tell you that.

The good doctor saved the child. He grew better slowly. His father and mother were thankful for the doctor's visit.

NOTE. — The picture of "The Doctor" is suitable for this lesson.

LESSON 51.

SPRING.

The cold winter is over. Beautiful spring has come.

The trees and flowers are waking from their long sleep. The buds on the trees are opening. Soon the pretty blossoms will come out. The grass and flowers are peeping from the ground.

The little streams are filled with water from the winter snows. They run along swiftly.

The birds are building their nests. Some of them have been away all winter. In the autumn they flew to a warm country. They have come back again; for they know that the spring is here.

Now the farmer ploughs his land. He is making the ground ready for planting.

When the earth is soft, he sows the seed. Then he covers the seed with earth.

The warm sun and the rain will make them grow.

LESSON 52.

HOW THE PLANT GREW.

In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

"Wake," said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."
"Wake," said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,
And it rose to see
What the beautiful
Outside world might be.

—*Kate Louise Brown.*

LESSON 53.

THE APPLE BLOSSOMS.

It was the month of May. The wind was still cold, but the grass and flowers and trees all said: "Spring has come."

Standing in the orchard was an apple tree covered with blossoms. One branch was prettier than the others.

A lady came into the orchard to pick some blossoms. She saw the pretty branch and broke it off. Then she took it home and put it into a beautiful vase.

Everybody who saw the apple blossoms said: "How lovely they are!"

All this praise made the little blossoms proud. They said: "How glad we are that we are not common flowers!"

In the field outside the dandelions

were growing. They shone in the sun like gold.

The apple blossoms saw them from the window. "Poor things," said they; "nobody cares for them. They are too common."

"Look," said a sunbeam, "look again. Does nobody care for the dandelions?"

The apple blossoms looked and saw some children come into the field. They began to pick the yellow dandelions.

The older children made chains with them. They hung them around their necks and called them golden chains.

The youngest child sat in the grass. He played with the yellow flowers. He kissed them and said: "Pretty! pretty!"

"Now," said the sunbeam, "you see the children love the dandelions."

“Yes, we see,” said the apple blossoms,
“but they know very little.”

Just then the lady came into the room. She carried something in her hand. It was a soft white dandelion, gone to seed.

“How lovely it is!” said the lady. “It is as beautiful in its way as the apple blossoms.”

Then the sunbeam kissed the apple blossoms. He kissed the poor dandelions, too.

“You are both beautiful,” said he. “I shine on all the flowers. Each one, even the poorest, has its own beauty.”

“The apple blossoms grow on the tree. The dandelions grow in the field. But each flower may find some one to love it.”

— *Hans C. Andersen*, Adapted.

LESSON 54.

THE BROWN THRUSH.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree;
He's singing to me, he's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! look! in my tree,
I'm as happy as happy as can be!"

The brown thrush kept singing:
"A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the old apple tree?
Don't meddle, don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy;
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? Don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be."

LESSON 55.

A HOLIDAY.

Alfred is a boy in our school. He came from Europe two years ago.

Alfred likes to tell about his first holiday in America. He says that one morning he heard the bells ringing. He heard guns fired, too.

He saw flags flying from the houses. He thought it must be a holiday.

He asked the first boy he met, "What is the holiday for?"

"This is the Fourth of July," said the boy. "Don't you know that?"

"No," said Alfred, "I have been here only two weeks."

"Oh," said the boy, "then come with me. I am going to see the games and the races. We shall have a fine time."

Alfred was glad to go with his new friend. They saw the games and the races. In the evening they saw the fireworks.

On the way home, Alfred said: "I had a good time to-day. I am glad it was a holiday. But why was it a holiday?"

"The Fourth of July is this country's birthday," said the boy. "My teacher told us so. She said that we have the holiday to remember how our country began."

Alfred thought it was a good holiday.

I must tell you, now, that Alfred could not talk English then.

Everything he said was in Italian. The other boy talked Italian, too.

Now, Alfred can talk English well. He learned to write English, too. He wrote his first letter to his teacher.

You may read it on the next page.

LESSON 56.

ALFRED'S LETTER.

BOSTON, March 2, 1903.

Dear Miss Hope, —

This is my first letter in English. I am trying to write a good one.

I came to this school in September. Then I could not talk English. Now I can, and I am learning to write English, too.

I shall write my next letter to my mother. I shall tell her what I do in school.

She will be glad, I think, when she sees it.

Your loving pupil,

ALFRED CONTI.

LESSON 57.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our country has a very long name. It is called the "United States of America." You will find this name on every piece of money.

United States means that many states are joined together; then they make one country.

The head of our country is called the President. The people elect him.

He will be President for four years. If the people like him, they will elect him again.

The President lives in Washington. His home is called the "White House."

The men who make the laws meet in Washington. We call them the "Con-
gress." The people elect them.

The United States is called a "Republican." This means that there is no king. The country is ruled by the people.

LESSON 58.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty!
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song.

Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

— *S. F. Smith.*

LESSON 59.

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

An old man had seven sons. He loved them all. He wished them to love one another.

The sons were always quarrelling. This made their father unhappy. He wished to show them how foolish they were.

One day he called them all to his side. He held in his hand a bundle of sticks.

He gave the bundle to his oldest son. "Break the sticks," said he. The young man tried, but he could not break them.

The old man turned to his second son. He told him to break the sticks. The second son tried, but he could not break them.

The father asked each of his other sons to try. Not one of them could break the bundle.

Then the old man took the bundle of sticks. Taking out one, he broke it. He broke them all, one after another.

He said to his sons: "Can you read the lesson? It is easy to break one stick. You cannot break the bundle. In union there is strength."

LESSON 60.

THE FLAG.

Every day we see this flag of our country. How beautiful it is!

See its pretty stripes of red and white.

See its white stars in their blue field.

The flag tells us the story of our country.

If you count the stripes, you will find thirteen. The thirteen stripes tell us that our country began with thirteen states.

If you count the stars, you should find forty-six. The stars tell us that our country has forty-six states.

Sometimes we call our flag "The Stars and Stripes."

Sometimes we call it "The Red, White, and Blue."

In what state do you live?

NOTE. — The flag will be seen in the schoolroom.

LESSON 61.

COLUMBUS.

More than four hundred years ago a little boy lived in Genoa. His name was Cristoforo Colombo. We call him in English, Christopher Columbus.

Little Columbus was a bright boy. He liked to go to school. He liked to study. But his father was poor. He could not let him stay long at school.

Columbus went to sea when he was fourteen years old. He loved the sea. He wished to visit other countries.

Columbus worked for many years as a sailor. He studied, too. He learned how to sail a ship. He learned many things from books.

At that time everybody thought that the earth was flat. They knew about

the countries south and east of Europe. But the wisest men thought that these were the only lands on the earth. They thought the great ocean covered all the rest of it.

Columbus thought so too, for many years. Then he began to think that the earth was not flat. He thought it was round.

He had heard the stories of sailors. They had found strange plants floating on the water far from land. They had picked up pieces of wood, strangely cut. The ocean had brought these things from the west.

This made Columbus think that there was land on the other side of the ocean. He thought that the earth must be round.

Then he began to think how he could

find this new land. He would need ships and men. He would need money.

Columbus was a poor man. He must find someone to help him. So he asked his own city to give him ships and money. The people of Genoa thought he was foolish. They would not help him.

Then he went to other countries in Europe. He told about the new country he wished to find. But not one would help him.

Columbus did not give up. He kept on trying for eighteen years. Then he found the help he asked.

LESSON 62.

COLUMBUS (Continued).

I have told you that Columbus found a friend to help him. This friend was

Isabella, Queen of Spain. The good queen listened to his story. She believed in him.

She gave him money to buy ships and food. She promised money to the sailors who would go with him.

Columbus had three ships made ready for the voyage. At first, he could find no sailors who would go with him. They were afraid. They thought they would be lost in the great ocean.

At last, Columbus found sailors for his ships. Everything was ready for the voyage.

Before they started, Columbus and his men went to church. They asked God to bless them on their voyage.

Then they went on board their ships, and sailed away from Spain. This day was the third of August, 1492.

— Columbus kept his little ships sailing west.— They had good weather, and the three ships kept together. —

The sailors were often afraid. They wished Columbus to turn back. He tried to cheer them, but he kept on sailing to the west.

At last, they reached the new land. How glad they were to see it! They had been sailing for ten weeks.

On the morning of October twelfth, Columbus and his men went on shore. They knelt and thanked God that they had found this beautiful land.

Columbus thought that he had found a part of India. We know that the country he found was America.

NOTE.—Show a picture of Columbus landing in America.

LESSON 63.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

A hundred years ago there were no steamboats. Voyages were all made in sailing vessels.

The man who made the first steamboat was Robert Fulton. He built it in New York.

Every one laughed at him. They thought he was foolish. They did not believe that steam could make a boat move.

When his boat was built Robert Fulton called it the *Clermont*. Her first trip was from New York to Albany.

The morning she started crowds of people came to see the new boat. They thought she would not move. But she did move. She sailed up the Hudson River.

The engine on the *Clermont* made a great noise. Sparks of fire kept coming from it. Some people were afraid of it. They did not know what this thing was.

It was the year 1807 when this first steamboat was built. Since that time men have learned to build them larger and better.

LESSON 64.

THE COMPASS.

On every ship there is a compass. It is placed near the man at the wheel. He must often look at it. It shows him how to steer the ship.

You may have seen a compass. It looks a little like a clock. It has a round face with many marks on it.

Four of these marks are longer than the others. They are the marks for north, south, east, and west.

A needle turns on the face of the compass. This needle always points to the north.

If we face the north, the south will be behind us. The east will be at the right side. The west will be at the left side.

Columbus had a compass when he sailed here from Spain. It showed him how to steer west. It helped him to find our country.

LESSON 65.

DAY AND NIGHT.

It is a bright summer morning. The sun has risen in the east. It shines like gold.

Where has it been all night ?

It has been shining on the other side of the earth. The people there were working while we were asleep.

You must know that the earth we live on is a great ball. It is turning around all the time.

Sometimes, our side of it is turned to the sun. Then we have sunshine. It is the daytime.

We begin to turn away from the sun in the afternoon. In the evening we see it set in the west.

We have turned away from the sun. It cannot shine on us. The earth is dark now. It is the night time. It is the time for rest.

The sun will shine again to-morrow. There will be a new day. It will be time for work.

LESSON 66.

THE MOON AND STARS.

Sometimes, when the sun has set, we see another light in the sky.

It is smaller than the sun, and not so bright. It shines like silver. It is the moon.

At the same time, we can see many little lights. They are very bright. They are the stars.

You cannot count the stars. There are too many of them.

They are very far away. That is why they look so small.

Each star is like our sun. It shines with its own light.

The moon has no light of its own. The sun makes it bright. Then it shines.

Do you know that the moon changes its shape? Watch it for a few nights.

It may look round, now. Then it is the full moon.

It will look a little smaller every night. Soon it will be a half-moon.

At last, it will show only a curved line of light. That will be the crescent moon.

After this comes the new moon. It will begin to grow larger now. It will grow until it is full again.

The time from one full moon to another is a month.

LESSON 67.

THE NEW MOON.

Dear mother, how pretty

The moon looks to-night!

She was never so cunning before;

Her two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And there I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.

And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we
would roam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home.

— *Eliza Lee Follen.*

LESSON 68.

A RUSSIAN FABLE.

One day a farmer was driving his geese to market. He wished to get there early. He tried to make the geese travel quickly.

The poor birds were not happy. They could not fly, because their wings were clipped. They could not walk well. But the farmer pushed them on with a stick.

On the road they met a lady. She saw the geese, and she was sorry for them. She said to the farmer: "Why do you hurry your geese?"

He told her that he must get to market in time.

Then the geese began to talk. "See how badly he treats us," they said. "He

ought to treat us well, for we belong to a fine family. What we have done is written in books."

"Why, what have you done?" asked the lady.

"Many years ago, our fathers saved Rome," said the geese. "Every one should honor us."

"Oh," said the lady, "you have done nothing. We do not honor you for what your family has done. You get the honor you earn for yourselves."

LESSON 69.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

Buttercups and Daisies —

Oh, the pretty flowers,
Coming ere the springtime
To tell of sunny hours.

While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and Daisies
Spring up here and there.

Little hardy flowers
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door;
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they may be cold.

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and Daisies
Are these human flowers.
He who gave them hardship
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength
And patient hearts to bear.

— *Mary Howitt.*

LESSON 70.

HOT COUNTRIES.

Mary Allen has a green parrot. Her father gave it to her.

Mr. Allen is the captain of a ship, and he has just come home from a long voyage. He brought the parrot from a country far away.

Mary was happy when her father came home. He had been away a long time. She was pleased with her parrot. She asked her father where he got him.

Mr. Allen said : "The parrot's home is far away. It is in a hot country.

"In that land it is always summer. Tall grass and beautiful flowers grow there. The trees are very tall. Many birds with bright feathers live in the woods."

"Oh, how beautiful!" said Mary.

“Yes,” said her father; “it looks beautiful. But the flowers do not smell sweet. The birds do not sing.

“Then, there are wild animals in the woods. They kill men, sometimes.”

“Why does your ship go there?” asked Mary. “What do you bring home?”

“We go there for the wood of a tall tree. It grows only in hot countries. It is called mahogany. We sell it at a good price.”

“I know that wood,” said Mary. “Mother has a mahogany table. But I never thought that the wood had travelled so far.”

LESSON 71.

THE CAMEL.

Far away across the ocean is a very strange land. It is a hot country. Very little rain falls there. It is called a desert.

The ground is covered for miles with sand. There are no trees, no grass, no flowers. There is no water to drink.

We should not like to live there. But there are people who make it their home. They are called Arabs.

The Arabs have an animal called the camel. He carries loads on his back. They could not travel in the desert without him.

At some places in the desert there is a little water. There are a few trees, too, and a little grass. They are called watering places.

The Arabs stay at a watering place for a short time. They rest and fill their bottles with water.

The camels eat the grass and drink plenty of water. They will get no more to drink for a long time.

The camel was made to live in the desert. He is very tall. His feet are broad and flat. They do not sink into the sand. He can go without food or water for many days.

The Arabs drink the camel's milk. They eat his flesh. They use his hair to make cloth.

So, you see, a camel is as useful to the Arab as the horse, the cow, and the sheep are to us.

NOTE. — Show a picture of the camel and Arabs.

LESSON 72.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Every year on the twenty-second of February we have a holiday. We call it "George Washington's Birthday."

Let me tell you his story. Then you will see why we honor him.

More than one hundred and fifty years ago George Washington was a little boy. He lived on a farm in Virginia.

Every day he went to school. He learned to read and write and spell. He liked to play, as all boys do.

His father died when George was eleven years old. But he had a good mother. She taught him to be truthful and honest.

George was a good son to his mother. He obeyed her, and tried to please her.

At one time he wished to be a sailor. His mother did not wish him to go to sea. He pleased his mother by staying at home. He learned to measure land, and became a surveyor.

At that time our country belonged to England. Another part of America belonged to France. There was war between England and France. There was fighting in America.

George Washington was now a young man. He had learned to be a soldier. He fought for England.

Years after that, England was unjust to our country. She tried to take away the rights of the people. The Americans fought for their rights.

England was a rich country. She sent many soldiers here. She tried to make the people obey.

The Americans were poor, but they were brave. All the men became soldiers. They were ready to fight for freedom.

George Washington was at the head of the American army. He was a good soldier, and he was a good man. His army loved him.

The Americans fought for eight years. Then the English gave up the country.

The people loved George Washington. They made him the first President of the United States.

He was President for eight years. He did not wish to be President any longer. He went to live in his own home in Virginia.

We call George Washington the "Father of His Country."

NOTE. — Show a portrait of George Washington.

LESSON 73.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln was a poor boy. He always had to work hard. He helped his father on his farm. When he grew tall and strong, he did many kinds of work with his hands.

He went to school only one year. But he was fond of books. He studied them, and learned much without a teacher.

He worked and studied so well that he became a lawyer. He was then twenty-eight years old.

Abraham Lincoln was an honest boy. He grew to be a great man. People called him "Honest Abe."

They honored him and made him President of the United States.

At that time a great war began in our country.

In the states of the South, rich men owned slaves. These slaves were black people. They worked for their masters. They were bought and sold like horses.

Abraham Lincoln thought it was wrong to own slaves. The people of the South did not like him. They said they would leave the United States. They would make a new country. They began a war which went on for four years.

President Lincoln loved his country. He did not wish to see it divided. He was a wise President at this dreadful time. He made the slaves free. The people loved him.

At last the war ended. The country was not divided.

President Lincoln must have been very happy. But, five days after the end of the war, he was shot.

Everybody was sorry. The people knew they had lost a great and good man.

We honor his name now. We remember his birthday on the twelfth day of February.

NOTE. — Show portrait of President Lincoln.

LESSON 74.

COLD COUNTRIES.

Far away in the north is a land of ice and snow. For months the sun never shines on it. All is then cold and darkness. This is the long winter time.

When the sun shows himself again, the snow and ice melt a little. For three

or four months there is light, and the weather is less cold. This is the summer time.

We should not call it summer, for the sun is not hot enough to melt all the snow and ice.

There are no trees or grass there. It is too cold for them. Nothing grows but a little moss.

But there are people living there. There are men and women, boys and girls; and they like their home better than they would like ours.

These people are called Eskimos. I think your teacher will show you a picture of them.

You see they are very short people. The men are not so tall as some of our boys.

Their dress, you can see, is made of

fur. It looks strange to us, but it is very warm. If we went there on a visit, I think we should like a fur suit, too.

The houses of the Eskimos are as strange as their dress. Can you guess what they use to build them? Remember that they have no wood or bricks. What, then, can they use?

Perhaps somebody has guessed right. They build them of snow. They make little round houses with blocks of hard snow.

Inside the house is one room. The ceiling is low. The floor is covered with furs to make it warm and dry. The bed is a bank of snow covered with many furs.

There is a window, in the wall, made of clear ice. It is a warm room, but it is not clean.

The only fire is in a stone lamp with a wick of moss. Fat is burned in this lamp.

The Eskimo men hunt and fish to get food for the family. When they travel, they go in sledges drawn by dogs.

These dogs are large and strong. They can run swiftly.

The Eskimo women cook the food and make fur suits for the family.

The children do not go to school. The Eskimos have none. The boys go with their fathers to learn how to hunt. The girls stay at home and help their mothers.

I am sure you would not like to be an Eskimo and live as they do. Yet they are happy. They love their home as we love ours.

NOTE. — Any picture showing Eskimos is suitable.

LESSON 75.

THE FOUR BROTHERS.

I come from the north. My home is in the frozen ocean. I bring the snow with me.

People call me the North Wind. When I blow, the weather vane points to N.

I have a brother in the south. His home is in a warm country. He brings warm weather.

The farmers say he makes their crops grow. They call him the South Wind. When he blows, the weather vane points to S.

My second brother has his home in the ocean. Sometimes people like him. Sometimes he comes very swiftly. He makes some people ill.

He is called the East Wind. When he blows, the weather vane points to E.

My last brother's home is in the west. He is a gentle wind. Everybody likes him. His name is West Wind. When he blows, the weather vane points to W.

Can you tell me the names of the four brothers?

LESSON 76.

THE REINDEER.

In the north of Europe is a country called Lapland. It is a cold country. For weeks the sun never shines there.

The people of this country are called Lapps. They are small people like the Eskimos.

Lapland is not so cold as the Eskimo country. The summer there is long

enough to make some trees grow. Some grain also grows there.

The winter is long and very cold. The Lapps would die, then, without their good friend, the reindeer.

If you look at his picture, you will see that the reindeer has large horns and short legs.

He draws his master's sledge when he travels. The Lapp drives him with one rein tied around his horn. The reindeer's legs are strong. He can travel fast with them, and he can draw heavy loads.

In the summer the reindeer eats grass and leaves. In the winter he finds enough moss under the snow to live on.

Each family of Lapps has many reindeer. They drink their milk. They use their flesh for food. They use their skins to make clothes and houses.

Do you not think that the reindeer is a good friend to the Lapps?

NOTE. — Show picture of a reindeer and sledge.

LESSON 77.

CORAL ISLANDS.

Our country lies between two oceans. One of these is the Atlantic Ocean. We sail on that to go to Europe.

The other is the Pacific Ocean. We should sail on that, if we went to China.

In the Pacific Ocean there are many islands. In its warm waters there are some little ones called "Coral Islands."

A coral island is very pretty. It looks like a ring of land, covered with trees, and grass, and flowers.

One part of the ring is open to the

water. There is a little round lake inside the island.

The water in this lake is clear. If you could look into it, you would see pretty branches of coral. You might think that they were flowers.

If you look at a piece of coral, you will see many little holes in it. In each of these holes a tiny animal has lived. The coral was made by these animals.

They began to build in shallow water. Year after year, the coral grew higher and higher. At last it reached the top of the water.

Then the ocean brought to it branches of trees and pieces of wood. After some years, these things changed into earth.

Sometimes the wind blew seeds to this earth. Sometimes the birds flying over the island dropped seeds, too.

The little seeds grew. In a few years the island was covered with plants. In a few more years there were trees growing there.

So, you see, these islands were built little by little. The workers were very small.

Do they not teach us a lesson?

Can you think what the lesson is?

NOTE.— Use any picture showing a coral island.

LESSON 78.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,
An insect train works ceaselessly;
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.

Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or play.
Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky.

The gentle wind and the balmy sky,
Little by little, bring verdure nigh,
Till the sunbeams of summer gayly smile,
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

— *Selected.*

LESSON 79.

GENERAL GRANT.

You know that there was once a great war in our country. You know that Abraham Lincoln was the President then.

I wish to tell you now about the head of the army. His name was Ulysses S. Grant. We call him General Grant.

When he was a young man, he learned to be a soldier. He fought in our army.

Afterwards he left the army. He was in business when the war began.

But he was ready to fight for his country.
He went into the army again.

General Grant was a brave man and
a good soldier. President Lincoln placed
him at the head of the army.

He ended the war and saved the
country.

The people thanked General Grant
for saving our country. They made
him President of the United States.

NOTE. — Show a portrait of General Grant.

LESSON 80.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear
Whole-souled honesty printed there,
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly errands to and fro,
Down humblest ways if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
The needful burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

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